UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Religion of Democracy

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Give Up the Ships!

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Gandhi and the Government of India

By TARAKNATH DAS

Echoes

By ZONA GALE

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1922 Number 24

Nothing enduring yet in wrath was wrought;
No noble deed in hatred; in all time
The Master Builder works in soberness;
A world which reeked with wars, and reeks again,
The Prince of Peace in patience recreates.

Oh, take away the frippery of war,
Its zest for glory, its mouth-filling lies,
Its rippling colors and resounding drums,
Its chargers, bannerets and bugle calls,
Its heady wine of music and acclaim
That make a slaughter seem a holiday!

Oh, take away the sanction of the State,
That haloes murder with a holy light,
That makes our common hate seem Wrath Divine,
And thunderous shoutings as the voice of God.

David Starr Jordan.

It is well to remind ourselves, on this recurrence of the birthday of George Washington, that this great man was a revolutionist against the imperial government of the British Crown, and that if he had been beaten or caught, he would have been put to death and remembered as a rebel. In other words, Washington did in America only what De Valera has been doing in Ireland, and Mahatma Gandhi is now doing in India! Sometimes it seems to us that we are in grave danger of forgetting how this nation came to be conceived and "brought forth upon this continent," and what our forefathers, therefore, as a matter of fact, were really doing. What they were engaged in was resistance to alien rule, the establishing of independent government, in one word, *revolution!* The exact parallel is the nationalist movement in India today, save that the Americans took up arms, while the Indians, thanks to the transcendent spiritual genius of Gandhi, are seeking their end by non-resistant methods. That Englishmen, believing in the Empire, should deprecate and oppose this strange war for independence in the Far East, we can thoroughly understand. But that *Americans,* heirs of Washington and his tradition of liberty, should oppose the movement, passes the bounds of our comprehension. In heaven's name, brethren, have we no memory, or, failing memory, no imagination? Or is it true that, had we been alive in 1775, we would have been among the loyalists and not among the continentals? Many of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution whom we know, would have been among the first in that day to sustain his Majesty, King George the Third!

Will Gandhi succeed? The answer to this question is easy—Gandhi has already succeeded! In the short space of a year and a half he has organized a movement which numbers more adherents than any other movement in human history has ever gathered; he has disciplined his millions of followers to a rigor of life which obtains through spontaneous moral idealism what is ordinarily obtained only through dull obedience; he has released forces of social regeneration which mean the ultimate transformation of the Indian people. If Gandhi should die today and his movement as a distinct and separate organization end tomorrow, his career would mark one of the supreme triumphs of all time. The trouble with our thought of Gandhi is that we picture his work exclusively in terms of nationalism. We imagine that he will succeed or fail according as he secures or does not secure political independence for his native country. Such independence is, of course, central to his activities; it is the form in which his spirit now shapes itself. But to identify Gandhi's cause with any nationalistic movement, however noble, is to misunderstand the man completely. As well think of Jesus as a mere patriotic leader, and call his life a failure because he did not drive the Roman legions from Palestine! What we have in Gandhi is a religious prophet comparable to the few supreme historic incarnations of the divine spirit; and, in his movement, a religion comparable to Buddhism or Christianity. We believe that Gandhi will succeed in his political aims and thus free India, but this achievement, great as it is, will be but an incident in his larger spiritual work.

We really thought that the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments had accomplished a little something, as we said last week, until we read the comments of the newspapers and some of the weekly reviews. Then we began to have our doubts! Such paeans of praise—such ecstasies of enthusiasm! When have we been so dosed with such nauseating Utopian optimisms? Not since the old days of the Hague Conference at least! We managed to keep our stomach on a pretty even heel as we plowed our way through this ocean of sentimental milk and honey into which we were so helplessly flung after the adjournment of the Conference, until a religious paper, for which we have no small measure of respect, reached our desk, and then we had to give way. Think of referring to

this Conference, whatever its merits and achievements, as "a drama unprecedented in the lives of peoples"! Imagine describing its agreements as constituting "a solemn pledge for the maintenance of permanent peace in the world"! What a picture—that "as the delegates dispersed, . . . a new light was burning with an intensity and a steadiness that presaged a new era"! Such stuff as this is to be expected from the Balfours and the Lodges, who have political axes to grind, but not from writers who have intellectual and moral responsibilities to their readers. As interpretations, these opinions have no conceivable relation to the facts. The Conference achieved real things, which are entitled to recognition and praise, but to build out of them a structure of moonshine, is to come perilously near to betraying the truth. This is a good time to turn to Moncure D. Conway's "Autobiography, Memories and Experiences," and read again what this prophetic old man had to say about the peace conferences of his day (Volume II, pages 451-452).

It is pleasant at last to have an encouraging word about the condition of Europe, and a word that may be regarded as authoritative. Such word comes from no less a man than John Maynard Keynes, whose famous book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," was the first to sound the alarm two years ago by showing the ruin written into the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. In his last book, just published, "A Revision of the Treaty," Mr. Keynes asserts that "in spite of trade depression and disordered exchanges, Europe under the surface is much stabler and healthier than two years ago." This may seem to refute the dire prophecies made by Mr. Keynes, and later by many others, when the Peace Treaty was published to the world; but he answers all such comment by stating that "many of the misfortunes which (he) predicted as attendant on the execution of the reparation chapter have not occurred because no serious attempt has been made to execute it." Europe has survived, in other words, just to the extent that the peace settlement has been disregarded; and she will continue to survive only to the extent that this policy is continued. The salvation of the continent means in the end "a revision of the treaty," the writing of an entirely new settlement. And it is this which many of us hope will be attempted at Genoa! Europe is not yet out of the woods, but she is making progress; and that progress lies along the line of beginning over again at the point where the peace-makers at Versailles, in betrayal of all their pledges, broke the heart, and almost ended the life, of the world.

Fighting is not glorious.

No matter how righteous the cause, the experience of a soldier at the front tends to lower his finer sensibilities. If any man came out of this war a better man than when he entered, it is in spite of and not because of his battle experience.

War is the denial of Christianity, and of all the most sacred things in life.

(War) is the product of hate and fear, and cannot by any stretch of the imagination be waged humanely.

Our school histories should be rewritten. Our very conception of patriotism should be revised.

Here are some scandalous statements, made obviously by some pacifist or sentimentalist, or perhaps some alien anarchist! In war-time such remarks brought many an enemy of the national welfare to the prison door; in peace-time, they should be silenced if they cannot be punished. How dare anybody talk in this way, when war is still immanent, and the citizens of the United States may at any moment be called to take up arms? If the white-livered mollycoddle who made these remarks could only be taken to the front, if he could only be shown what war is and what it does for a nation, why—but hold on! What are we talking about? *Whom* are we talking about? "Watch your step, watch your step." The man who made these above-quoted remarks, dear friends, is none other than Major-General John F. O'Ryan, organizer and leader of the 27th Division in the World War, "a hard-as-nails fighting man"! See the New York *World*, Sunday, January 22nd, Editorial Section, Page 1. "Ask Dad, he knows."

There has come into our hands a wonderful little book which we wish might be in everybody's grasp. It is called "The Arm of God" (compiled by Erica and Roderic Dunkerley, published by Oliphants LD, 100 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 21 Paternoster Square, London, E. C.), and consists of a series of historical and biographical events which demonstrate the efficacy of non-resistance.

"It is our confident belief," say the editors, "that those who respond to God's call receive his enriching grace, and that because their wills are in line with his purpose their lives are endued with his power."

In demonstration of this thesis, they have prepared this "collection of authentic records," and by "such a cloud of witnesses" undertake to prove their case." The compilers offer their book "as a challenge." It is indeed a challenge! Those who have doubts as to whether the non-resistant principle can be made to "work," should read this book before they ever speak their doubts again. We would like to see the doubt that could withstand this mass of evidence.

The editor of the *Continent* is convinced that Jesus was not a radical. It never seems to have been the purpose of the Nazarene, he argues, to improve the economic status of anybody.

Health he gave; never wealth. And it is very certain that he never laid any plans for upsetting the organization of society in order to redistribute wealth . . . He simply did not enter the field of modern social debate. Whoever therefore charges a twentieth-century Christian with disloyalty to Jesus because he is not disposed to undermine the existing economic organization . . . is basing his charge on too narrow ground.

Of course, what Jesus taught or did not teach on any question is uncertain, so imperfect is the record. We assume, however, that the editor of the *Continent* is drawing his conclusions from what he actually finds in the Bible, and accepting this testimony with a good deal more of comfortable certainty than we, for example, should be able to muster. This being the case, we wonder if the editor has ever read Luke 6, and, if so, what he does with such verses as the following:

> Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled. Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh. . . . But woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full, for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep.

For saying far less than this, men are today in prison in this land. It may not be possible to demonstrate from such words that Jesus was a revolutionist; but such assertion would seem to be much more plausible than the contention that "he simply did not enter the field of modern social debate!"

"He has the faults of his qualities"!—we know of no statement which is truer than this, and none which leads more quickly and surely to understanding of the frailties of men. John Burroughs tells us that he was lazy, shiftless, temporizing—that he was "culpably indifferent to (the) troubles and perplexities (of the world)"—that he was "not a fighter" and lacked "heroic fibre." And yet what are these but the obverse side of those very qualities which made him the leading poet-naturalist of his time—faults in other men, perhaps, but in him the very conditions of his beauty of character and greatness of achievement! Roosevelt had faults so serious that they seemed sometimes to overshadow completely his qualities of virtue; but without these faults, it is doubtful if Roosevelt could have been the Roosevelt who caught in so transcendent a fashion the imagination of his countrymen. What was the aggravation and regret of his contemporaries, will work only to the sympathetic amusement of posterity. Why do we agree so easily to forget the failings of a uniquely great or useful man, if not because we recognize that these were usually the mould which fashioned the precious substance of his nature? Perhaps, after all, even virtue has its price! This is not to condone weakness, or wink at sin. It is only to note that this human stuff of which we are made, is compounded of strange elements; and that it behooves all of us to be charitable to others if not to ourselves.

The Religion of Democracy

When will we ever learn that democracy is not to be identified with a method of counting noses? How long is the tradition to dominate us that there is something sacred in one per cent when added to fifty? The discussions seem to be endless over tools of democracy as though they were the reality.

The success or failure of Direct Legislation, Proportional Representation and the thousand other forms through which humanity seeks to obtain the means of registering public opinion are heralded as the success or failure of democracy. This utter failure to distinguish between the tool and the living spirit which seeks expression through the tool vitiates our discussions of what democracy really is.

The Direct Primary fails to give us just the man we want for high office. Then the cry goes up, "Democracy has failed." Democracy has not failed but the tool has, assuming that the criticism of this particular political tool is justified. The only sense in which democracy can be said to have failed is in its choosing of the tool. But this, after all, is not in any sense real failure. A mechanic working on a material of unknown hardness has to try one tool after another. If the first proves unusable, he has not failed. He tries another.

Democracy cannot fail until mankind as a whole gives up the struggle to find its way into a higher and richer life for all men. When that day comes, both democracy and God have failed. It will be time enough then to discuss the failure of democracy, if there is anyone left to debate the fact.

Democracy is an interpetration of the life process. It is an affirmation that we are here to find the means for the development of all the possibilities in all of the people. It declares that we must rise or fall together. It is in contrast to the theory that the many exist for the few. Aristocracy affirms that the riches of the moral and spiritual life are limited. It holds that the leaders of men must rise not on the "stepping stones of their dead selves," but on the bodies and souls of living men.

Between these two ideas there has always been a deadly conflict. It is not a question of good or even efficient government. The tyrant may secure both. He may even be personally good. But what men want first is not good government but good men; not efficient machinery but efficient men.

The struggle of the ages has not been at bottom for more food and clothing, but for freedom for the souls of men. The labor question is not primarily for mere things, but for an opportunity for a larger and richer life for men and women. He who interprets it in terms of wages, shorter hours, or anything of the sort, fails completely to read the story of the passion of humanity on the cross of human greed.

Democracy is more than its forms and institutions, even as the life is more than its body. It is the living spirit ever seeking for larger and larger expression in

the changing forms of political and social institutions. It is an affirmation that the divine life can only find expression through souls of men as they cast off those fetters that deny to them freedom to exercise the powers given them.

Thus interpreted democracy is the Living Spirit which finds expression in the lives of men and women, seeking through them to reveal itself in larger and larger measure. This living spirit being in all, is denied when the life of anyone is denied. The real blasphemy today is not in the taking of the name of the Lord in vain, but in the refusal to permit men to have the opportunity of revealing Him.

The best that is in men finds expression through responsibility and in freedom. When these are denied the opportunities for self-expression are not only thwarted but, more than that, God is denied. It is because of this that the old forms and institutions that no longer serve men must give way to demands of the ceaseless urge of the spirit which ever is seeking through men larger life.

It is through the breaking down of these barriers between themselves and the future that men find themselves. Life is always growing. Institutions not having the power of growth must change to give room to the enlarging life of men. It is thus that men cooperate with God. To refuse to change, to hold to the old in face of the eternal urge for change, is to stand with old King Canute on the sands of the seashore and bid the tides of the sea to hold.

Democracy is the recognition that no one or no few are depositories of the divine life. This streams through all. Dam it up anywhere, and it will either flow around or break through. As it flows in men who are blinded by the forces of repression, the breaking through often takes the form of a terrible cataclysm, in which men lose sight of all moral values and for a time are swept back into chaos. Then they must begin once more the march into the future.

It now is clear why institutions are born, grow and die. In their youth they are tools which men use. They may prove to be inefficient tools. Then it is our business to cast them into the scrap heap of history as soon as possible. If they are efficient, then they have a term of life. For men to carry them beyond that period is a prodigious waste of energy. They are Sinbads of the sea weighting down the souls of men. If carried too long, men become weary of them and cast them off with no regard for the consequences.

The hideous institution of war, which always was a most terribly inefficient tool, is still carried on the backs of men. It shuts men out from the future; it binds them to all that is cruel and hideous in the past. It denies the living spirit in the souls of men. It affirms that the world is for the few and not for all. It challenges God, and enslaves mankind in the bonds of hate. Democratic institutions simply cannot appear in the atmosphere of war. They are asphyxiated by its deadly fumes. All war is poison gas to democracy. It is only those who escape its debasing touch who can lead the world into the future.

Freedom, Responsibility and Opportunity are the conditions not only of progress but of the revelation of the sons of God. The task of those who have caught the spirit of democracy is that of ever finding those forms of life in which these basic conditions of progress are realized. Man does not go forward alone. It is in the associated life that the highest life is realized. Democracy therefore seeks free institutions, those in which the spirit of man has the freest possible play. These are those in which brotherhood, justice and equality are expressed.

It is just here that religion and democracy become one. The purpose of democracy is to give to every man the largest opportunity for self-expression. The purpose of religion is realization of the abundant life for all. The task of men is to find those institutions in which the abundant life may be realized. These must have in them the three fundamentals of democracy for without them both religion and democracy are denied.

Without freedom the soul perishes. Men decay and all creative impulses are atrophied. It is only because the divine life will have its way, cannot be forever denied, that mankind has emerged from the slaveries of the past.

Without responsibility the light goes out of the souls of men, and the fires of courage are extinguished in their hearts. Responsibility calls forth the highest and best in men. It is the challenge of The Eternal to the divine spark in them. It is the call of God to men to do and be their best.

Opportunity denied means the dwarfing of souls. Opening the way to men is to give a channel for the living spirit to pour itself out into the life of the race. To close the way is to block the entrance into the future.

The religion of democracy is expressed when men seek for one another the means for all to enter into the fulness of life. Its concern is not chiefly with forms and institutions but with the living souls of men and women. This is the challenge today to all the sons and daughters of God.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

"In great poetry the author's body and soul have become for the moment fused through the medium of words, with the outward conditions of life which the work itself aims to set forth. The final artistic process, which is a process of acceptance of life and reassertion of one's acceptance, is made by these words complete. The style and technique become the thought itself; the thought becomes the experience itself. This is great poetry."

The Freeman. —*John Gould Fletcher.*

Give Up the Ships!

It is hard these days for us to get excited over anything. When we think of how we used to be stirred not so many years ago, we wonder what is the matter. Are we growing old, or did the Great War exhaust our capacity for emotion, or have we simply become wise enough to realize that "a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, or as a watch in the night"?

Whatever the reason, good or bad, for our unfamiliar stoicism, we were genuinely relieved the other day to discover that there still burned some hot coals within our cooling ashes. There was some fire, after all, which could be blown into a conflagration of enthusiasm! This awakening came to us when we read an Associated Press despatch telling of a proposal made by Mr. Herbert Myrick, editor of *Farm and Home,* of Springfield, Massachusetts, in a speech before the recent National Agricultural Conference in Washington, that the United States take over the entire navies of the Allied nations at full cost "as payment toward the billions they owe the United States," accept on account the Allies' other war equipment at "junk prices," and then sail "this grand armada to the Pacific, and sink it ten miles deep with all flags flying."

When we read this idea, we felt for the first time in many years, that same kind of uncontrollable sweep of enthusiasm which seized us once as a boy when we saw the old melodrama, "In the Soudan," at the Boston Theatre, and at the scene of the triumphal return of the British troopers to Trafalgar Square, rose in our balcony seat and hurrahed madly till the ushers called us to order—and some decent recollection of where we were and how it was proper to behave. In this present case, exactly as in this earlier instance of boyhood experience, it is the pageantry of the thing, we suppose, that stirs us to the bottom of our souls. Imagine for a moment "this grand armada," of which Mr. Myrick speaks—an assemblage of ships so magnificent that it would make even that great fleet of German ships, surrendered after the Armistice, look like a handful of yachts on the Maine coast in the summer time! Here would be the innumerable vessels of the English navy—the ships of France, Italy, Japan—and lastly the Atlantic and Pacific fleets of America! They would be assembled, let us say, off New York, there to undergo one last grand review by the President of the United States, his cabinet, the special representatives and official diplomats of all the nations of the earth. The dreadnaughts, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats, destroyers, and submarines would be dressed as for a holiday—flags flying, crews at quarters, officers in the proudest regalia of their rank. Ship after ship would pass before the President, salute, and disappear into the mist. Then, when the review was done the fleets would be marshalled for voyage to the South. They would blacken whole miles of the horizon with their smoke as they set sail for Panama. In single file, for days and nights together they would pass through the canal—such an array of ships as the world has not seen since Homer wrote his catalogue of those which crossed the Aegean to make war on Troy. Reassembled in the Pacific, this "grand armada" would sail to an appointed spot in the ocean dedicated to peace, and there, in the vast silence of sky and sea, like sacrifices laid solemnly upon an altar, ship after ship would be sunk beneath the waves, till there would be left only that convoy of merchantmen which would carry back officers and men to a better world and a nobler age of history.

It is the spectacle, of course, that moves us as we survey this prospect. But why the spectacle only? Is this a mere dramatic gesture—magnificent, but not war? On the contrary, the real thrill in this idea courses our marrow when we see that this proposal is as feasible as it is spectacular. Our navies today are a burden, and not a help. Every armed ship that sails the sea is an expense, a hazard, a menace. "All the troubles of the present era," said Mr. Myrick, "can be ascribed to war and war's extravagances." Happiest of all nations on the planet at this hour is Germany, relieved by a kind Providence and madly revengeful enemies of her army and navy! Alone of all the combatants, she got something out of the war. Stripped of every weapon, defenceless and therefore secure, she resumes her interrupted economic life freed of the encumbrances of armament. While her competitors, victorious (God save the mark!), struggle beneath burdens which threaten momentarily to crush them to the earth.

Why not throw off these burdens altogether? The Washington Conference has made a good beginning in scrapping dreadnaughts; why not keep right on, till the last old tub of an antiquated gunboat has been sent to the one place where she will cost nothing, and do no harm—the bottom of the sea? Surely, the Allies have nothing to fear!—nothing, that is, but one another! Is there not imagination enough in the world to visualize this thing, and courage enough to put it through? Perhaps not! But in lieu of imagination and courage, will come necessity—and then it will be done!

Nothing is really understood until it is dramatized, we are told. "Zero" Ledoux did an inestimable public service by dramatizing unemployment, and thereby teaching millions of people to understand for the first time what unemployment really meant. Herbert Myrick has now done the same thing with the problem of disarmament. He is a poet as well as an orator, and thus both sees and conveys the truth.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Outlook for Religious Liberalism

Modern religion, said a cynic, is a high-powered engine busily engaged in pulling a child's toy. There is a certain amount of truth in this *bon mot.* Certainly, religion is not accomplishing much for humanity. It does a fair amount of relief work. It indulges in a vast amount of missionary effort. But, as an agent of reconstruction, it is generally discredited. If we succeed in abolishing war, the achievement will not be due to religious effort. If we get rid of unemployment, the churches can take no credit. If we usher in the reign of social justice, Christianity will not be crowned with the wreath of victory.

The outlook for organized religion both orthodox and liberal, is not a cheerful one. But this, to speak justly, is not the fault altogether of religion. The church as it exists today is the church of a passing generation. Something has happened in the process of life, and that something has changed the status of the church. Time was when Christianity compassed the whole of western social life; religion controlled the destiny of the occidental world. But the reverse is true today. Control of human destinies has passed into other hands. With the rise of commerce, science, democracy, and education, Christianity lost its place on the stage of life's theatre and was relegated to the wings. It is pitiful, sometimes, to see the efforts of the church to move from the periphery to the center of influence, and to regain the place it possessed of old. Catholicism alone maintains (in theory only) its right to be the arbiter of creation.

That religious liberalism is making a determined effort to play a part in the control of life, is the most hopeful portent of the future of religion. The religious mind is in revolt against its banishment, and though there is no hope of a speedy recall to power for any type of religion, there is satisfaction in the thought that religion can play—at least—a great part in the criticism of life. But in this province, its function is not different from that of philosophy, or economics, or democracy, or education. All these activities, in their recent interpretations, are critical and life-furthering; they are not classed under the name of religion, but they serve essentially the same end. The most effective preacher of today is the novelist. Nexö's "Pelle the Conqueror," for example, is an unsurpassable sermon.

All this, of course, sounds like nonsense to those who define religion in absolutistic terms, who center it in God and not in man, who are engaged in the same old business of inoculating souls with deity. For them, religion is awareness of a transcendent world; it deals with extra-experiential values; and inculcates the familiar virtues of "faith and hope and charity." But for the increasing number of modernists, religion is a function of the life-process. And if it fulfills no function in the life-furthering stream, then it ceases to exist. We have, through the study of comparative religion, begun to understand that if any religion ceases to be dynamic, it inevitably disappears, however much divinity it professes.

Now, the majority of the folk in the western world have lost their taste for institutional religion, notwithstanding the blatant voice of statistics. In England it is frankly conceded that organized labor has done more to conserve human values than organized Christianity. The English church became a static entity, existing—not for the sake of the good human life—but for its own sake. Being static it stayed with the classes. The priest, like the lawyer, was a hanger-on to the skirts of aristocracy. He knew more about the City of God than the city of man. But it is not very different in this country, where organized religion is still in bondage to social habit and convention. The religious man—be he layman or minister—is usually the average man with a theological label. The virtues he espouses are those of the established system. The vices he condemns are those that tend to subvert the economic order. Orthodoxy is not, as a rule, a critic of life, nor a function of life. And it is very plain that the demand for its goods scarcely warrants putting them on the market.

Neither orthodox nor liberal religion is in a position at present to interfere seriously with the conduct of life. The bishop in the English House of Lords has a vote, but in America the church stands far off and almost helpless to get into the game. The church can offer programs of reconstruction, but has no power to carry them into effect. The church can send up petitions to senators, can vote against disarmament, but it has no voice and no vote at the table across which decisions are reached. If religion is a function of life (and it cannot be anything else, unless it be a cold-storage philosophy), what ought to be the program of the religious liberals who have no other aim than to conserve and foster and create human values? That is the question before us, if we are considering the outlook of religious liberalism. Are liberals to be content with the meager influence they now wield, or can they arrive at concerted action which will restore them to some measure of power?

Certainly, religious liberalism cannot rest in the rôle of the mere onlooker or critic. It cannot rest in the exercise of its privilege of teaching individuals on Sunday morning. It cannot accept the part of a follower in the wake of progress. It must agitate until it is given a vital share in the work of re-moulding social processes. Otherwise its future is dim and uncertain, and it is only using its regenerative power to pull ballast.

The obvious retort to this is that, in a democracy, the person selected by ballot to represent the people is the only person who is to exercise power in determining social destiny. Why should the voice of organized religion be heard in the council chambers? But, if that is a sufficient objection, why, on the other hand, should commercial interests maintain their lobbies and bureaus of information? Why should secular organization be more efficient than religious organization? The only reason is that, so far, religious liberalism has not been conscious of its mission. It has followed in the wake of custom and routine. The time is approaching when all those who concern themselves in the struggle for the good human life must organize for better effort.

The real difficulty to be faced is the inherited dualism of religion and economics. The brotherhood of the Church is not yet affiliated with the brotherhood of the street. The religious and the social life are still sundered. "Today," to quote an eminent thinker, "the vital religion and morality of the western world flow almost entirely outside the organized institutions of religion. Today the fundamental religious problem is the economic one, and the fundamental need is a technique for solving that problem." Organized re-

ligion is still dealing in pure concepts, in abstract universals. It still talks glibly of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It inhabits an eclectic region of its own—a region where righteousness and peace have kissed each other, and remain satisfied with the unworldly bliss of sweet romanticism. It is still religion "pure and undefiled," too pure to enter vitally into the struggle for justice, or the struggle for employment. It wants to stand outside the struggle and dictate the rules of warfare—otherwise it will not play! In a phrase, most of our western religion is divorced from reality; its stock-in-trade is a number of cold-storage terms such as "God," "Brotherhood," "Truth." They are terms without relations.

Now, if Religious Liberalism is to have no other function than that of open-eyed criticism of life, and if the Church's function is as a teacher, and nothing more, it must at least ask two fundamental questions, and these questions are different from those that have hitherto been mooted. The first question is: "what sort of a world do we want?" The second question is, "what is a man worth?" When we have answered these, we shall know also what kind of a God will satisfy our modern need.

What sort of a world do we want? With our accumulating knowledge of social processes, we are learning that the world (not the universe) is a product of man. We are being weened away from the absolutistic dogma, that history is the unfolding of the Divine idea. Evil is a real fact, and not a mere concomitant or "appearance" that is in some way good. Any God that conserves evil must go, no matter how imposing his design. We are not the puppets of Nature; we are rapidly learning to master it. Most of the evils we experience are due to our failure to readjust ourselves as social beings. War, poverty, crime, are not cosmic, and we do not need supernatural aid to abolish them. We are being liberated, by historical analysis, by the scientific mood, from spiritualistic explanations of natural events. We are no longer in danger of inventing cosmic theories to alleviate the ills for which at present we have no remedy. We are no longer the slaves of caste moralities, of that bugaboo Conscience, of so-called eternal laws under which everything, both evil and good, could be subsumed. For the first time in human history, we have a fluid world, a fluid human nature (even the absolutistic instincts have been abolished!), a fluid social system. Of course, there are still millions who believe in the old social and psychological dogmas—that man is motivated by greed and would cease to work were it not for the competitive spur; that war began in heaven and will never end; that social inequality is a dictate of the Eternal. But not so the thinkers, who know how much man is a product of the social system, and that we may hope to construct a world altogether different from this present one.

Now the fact that disturbs the religious liberal is the appalling inhumanity of our social organization. This will force him to ask the second question, *what is a man worth?* The values of personality are rated lowest in the scale of social goods. The West has gone far to conquer Nature; it has betrayed human nature. All our institutions are allies of dehumanizing forces. Commerce has become the handmaid of the plutocrats and the war makers. Religion has taught man a sullen resignation because it has lost its life-giving impulse. Patriotism has been exploited in the service of hate and greed. Science, the most valuable tool we have created in the service of human life, has been turned against man. Human resourcefulness, imagination, skill, have been harnessed to materialism. The worth of a human being has been determined through the ages by some system, and a human being, as such, has been comparatively worthless. His value has been adjudged by a theological dogma, or a caste dogma, or a political or commercial dogma, or a racial dogma. We have been dealing in the concept "man," but not in human beings. Jesus had no doubt of human worth. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." The religious liberal must answer that a man's worth is not to be judged by the way he fits into an economic system. It is, however, not enough to say that "all men are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," or to declare that "all men are brothers." We must see to it that they possess the good life in sober fact, and that they are afforded the opportunity to become brothers in fact as well as in theory. Nothing less than this can be the program of religious liberalism.

It must be granted, by all honest thinkers, that the sociologists and scholars in every field have done more in modern times to advance the cause of a sane humanism than all the churches put together. Why is this? Solely because they have emancipated themselves from the habits of thought dictated by the social order. Religious liberals (with a few exceptions) have emancipated their thinking from the retrogressive force of theological dogmas, but have scarcely become consciously free from the trammels of social dogma. In England, it is to be noted, the religious liberals in every denomination are much more awake to the signs of the times, as witness a resolution passed by a mass meeting of religious folk in Hyde Park on July 16, 1921:

> In face of the collapse of our existing economic, industrial, and social order, and of so much blindness in statesmanship, this meeting urges all men and women of goodwill to recognize that the solution of the deadlock can be found only in the practical application of the principles of Christianity to all the departments of human life. . . . It further records its conviction that the present system, being based largely on unrestricted competition for private and sectional advantage, must be brought to an end, since it fosters the sins of avarice and injustice, lays a yoke of thraldom upon masses of men and women, and leads almost inevitably to war. . . . Therefore this meeting calls upon all Christian people to find in the failure of the old society a supreme opportunity for the building up of a new order that shall be founded on brotherly co-operation in service for the common good.

Most liberals in America would be afraid to vote for any such motion, and would rather subscribe to a melioristic doctrine that was not so full-fledged.

To summarize the position of this essay, organized religion of every kind plays a subordinate part in the modern western world. Where it is effective, as in the active part played by the Interchurch movement regarding the Steel Strike, there is hope for the future. But it is a long step yet to the position when the church shall be more than "a stretcher bearer at Armageddon." The Social Reconstruction programs that were so zealously outlined during the war and after have been put on the shelf, and the dust is already accumulating, much to the relief of some ministers and laymen who wish to stay forever in the "neutral zone." We are rapidly returning to "normalcy," and normalcy for the religious liberal means death and damnation.

The need today, for the religious liberal, is freedom

from the psychology of the past. A religion which cannot function as a life-furthering, creative agent is in process of decay. And, in order to function, religion must be organized for direct action as well as indirect suggestion. It must emancipate itself from the all-enfolding tentacles of the octopus "social dogma." We have not yet escaped from the view that the world is fixed and final, or that all we need to do is to obey some eternal laws. Nor are we sufficiently rebellious against that reactionary teaching which assures us that some supernatural agent is working out a Divine purpose in history—which view really means that "everything exists for the best in this best of all possible worlds." When the religious liberal frankly adopts the scientific and historic method, he will not only be a critic of life, but an active participant in the struggle for value. He will project his ideals for the race; he will give a purposive direction to the development of our planetary life; and he will help to make the world a fit place for the spirit of man. The old virtues of duty and obedience to what exists will be superseded by the new virtues of responsibility and creationism.

Bloomington, Ill. WILLIAM RUPERT HOLLOWAY.

Gandhi and the Government of India

The British Indian Government has issued a communication to the effect that stern repressive measures will be taken against the Indian Nationalist Movement:

London, Feb. 7. (By A. P.)—The India Office issued an official communication this evening indicating it was the intention of the government to adopt stern measures to suppress the campaign of civil disobedience in India. It adds that no government could discuss demands contained in the recent manifesto of Mahatma M. K. Gandhi, Indian nationalist leader.

This means that India and the world must expect happenings which will surpass the Amritsar Massacre and the barbarities of the Black and Tans in Ireland. We are informed that aeroplanes are being used in certain parts of India and that there will be such a reign of terror in India as is unknown to the history of the world. India is in the grip of British Reign of Terror, even the Moderates of India are protesting against this condition.

The Maharaja of Darbhanga, who is a supporter of the British Indian Government, in his speech before the Landlords' Association, Patna, India, delivered on December 20, 1921, says about this Reign of Terror in the following way:

It is impossible to deny that the recent events in Calcutta and elsewhere have led to a revulsion of feeling even on the part of loyal citizens who are friends of the Government and who are anxious for the preservation of law and order and for the success of the visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Grave objections have been taken to the following matters: (1) Trial in camera or in jail without full publicity; (2) severity of sentence . . . ; (3) arrest of ladies. Indiscriminate assault on or rough treatment of passers-by by the military, the police or the civil guards. . . .

It is as far from me to view with equanimity any attempt to paralyze the hands of justice as it is to see the *indiscriminate filling of the jails with our eminent citizens* and hundreds of apprentices in the political field. . . . I would suggest with all the earnestness that I can command that the government should persuade themselves to cry halt at this stage and discover means of speedily terminating the strife which is calculated to produce a very unwholesome and demoralizing effect on the community. . . . —*The Servant* (Calcutta, December 23, 1921).

The Government of India, instead of giving heed to this appeal from such a loyalist as the Maharaja of Darbhangha, has adopted sterner measures and refused to have a conference with Mahatma Gandhi, the Director General of All-India National Congress, on the pretext that his conditions are so serious that no government can submit to them. This attitude of the British Government is to falsify facts and to mislead the world to the effect that Mahatma Gandhi wanted something very unreasonable regarding a conference with the Government. Gandhi will never compromise on principle, but he is not a radical by any means. He belongs to the Centre Party of the Indian Nationalists, and moderation is his watchword. Gandhi's conditions for a Round Table Conference are so reasonable that no moderate can take an exception to the justice of his demands. Gandhi says in his *Young India,* of December 29th:

I have said in my reply to Lord Ronaldsday's speech that we have not taken the offensive; we are not the aggressors, we have not got to stop any single activity; it is the government that is to stop its aggravatingly offensive activities aimed not at violence but at a lawful, disciplined, stern but absolutely non-violent agitation. It is for the Government of India and for it alone to bring about a peaceful atmosphere, if it so desires. It has hurled a bomb-shell in the midst of materials rendered inflammable by its own action and wonders that the material is still not inflammable enough to explode. The immediate issue is not now the redress of the three wrongs; *the immediate issue is the right of holding public meetings and the right of forming association for peaceful purposes.* And in vindicating this right we are fighting the battle not merely on behalf of non-co-operators but we are fighting the battle for all schools of politics. It is the condition of any organic growth and I see in the Viceregal pronouncement an insistence upon submission to a contrary doctrine which an erstwhile exponent of law of liberty has seen fit to lay down upon finding himself in an atmosphere where there is little regard for law and order on the part of those very men who are supposed to be custodians of law and order. I have only to point to the unprovoked assaults being committed, not in isolated cases, not in one place, but in Bengal, in the Punjab, in Delhi and in the United Provinces. *I have no doubt that as repression goes on in its mad career, the reign of terrorism will overtake the whole of this unhappy land.* But whether the campaign is conducted on civilized or uncivilized lines, so far as I can see there is only one way open to non-co-operators, indeed I contend, even to the people of India. *On this question of right of holding public meetings and forming associations there can be no yielding. We have burnt our boats and we must sail onwards till that primary right of human being is vindicated.*

Let me make my own position clear. I am most anxious for a settlement. I want a Round Table Conference. I want our position to be known by everybody who wants to understand it. I impose no conditions: but *when conditions are imposed upon me prior to the holding of a conference, I must be allowed to examine those conditions,* and if I find that they are suicidal, I must be excused, if I do not accept them. The amount of tension that is created can be regulated solely by the Government of India, for the offensive has been taken by that government.

Earl Reading started the campaign of indiscriminate arrest of Indian people by declaring the Congress and National Volunteer organizations illegal assemblies. When the question of a Round Table Conference was discussed by Indian leaders of all shades of political opinion, the Government of India demanded that all activities of the non-co-operators, including the boycott, be unconditionally stopped. Gandhi not only refused to accept this term but demanded that the Government must first release all the political prisoners

who are unlawfully put in jail and all laws and orders violating the rights of freedom of speech and peaceful assembly be revoked. The Government refused to submit to this just suggestion of Gandhi, who is only speaking on behalf of the All-India Congress. This happened on January 14, 1922. India demanded immediate carrying out of the Civil Disobedience and Non-Payment of Taxes program of the Congress all over the country. But Gandhi in his characteristic and unique way, begged that the people of India should give the government another chance until January 31 for a Round Table Conference. The Government refused to hear Gandhi, yet Gandhi again put off the enforcement of National Civil Disobedience till February 12, the birthday of Lincoln. The Government is determined to use force and the situation is grave because already the Indian peasantry has begun to refuse to pay taxes in all parts of India. Serious disturbances have begun to happen and the country is under the grip of British Reign of Terror.

During the session of the All-India National Congress the Left Wing of the Indian Nationalists demanded for an immediate declaration of a republic of the United States of India, but Gandhi pleaded with them and induced the Congress to accept his program, giving the British people a chance to rectify the mistakes. He held that if the wrongs done to the Indian people be not remedied there will be no other alternative for the people of India than separation of India from the British empire and establishment of a republic. The Government has misunderstood Gandhi, thinking that through repression he would be forced to submission or compromise. But it is certain even if Gandhi makes any compromise (which he cannot, because the All-India National Congress has not given him the authority to make any compromise), the Indian nation will not stand for any compromise. There will arise with majesty a Republic of the United States of India, defying the authority of the British imperialism.

TARAKNATH DAS,
International Secretary,
Friends of Freedom for India.

Echoes

In Gertrude Slaughter's "Two Children in Old Paris" she quotes the following, which she herself heard from the pulpit of Sainte Clotilde, in the year of our Lord 1917:

If you take away from the hard-working laborer his hope of heaven, what will he have left? How can he endure his life? And I warn you, my hearers (at this point the preacher leaned down from the pulpit and spoke with great emphasis), I warn you that if you take away his hope of the blessed life hereafter, he will rise against you and demand happiness and comfort in this life on earth.

This is not mediaeval. This is approved modern doctrine not so far away as Old Paris.

* * *

Speaking of approved doctrines, if one is so visionless as to accept the words of politicians as authority, one would do well to recall the speech of Daniel Webster on opening up the West. Said Daniel Webster:

What do we want with this vast worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or those endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their very base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer Boston than it now is.

* * *

Also the well-known letter from the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, dated 1828, ought to be read by everybody at least once a year:

You are welcome to the use of the school-house to debate all proper questions in but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of fifteen miles an hour by steam, He would clearly have foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell.

* * *

But it is all in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's poem "The Conservative," which should be framed and hung in all homes, public halls and senate chambers:

A CONSERVATIVE.

The garden beds I wandered by
  One bright and cheerful morn,
When I found a new-fledged butterfly,
  A-sitting on a thorn,
A black and crimson butterfly
  All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting
  To infant butterflies,
So I gazed on this unhappy thing
  With wonder and surprise.
While sadly with his waving wing
  He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?
  Why weepest thou so sore?
With garden fair and sunlight free
  And flowers in goodly store,"—
But he only turned away from me
  And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few
  Where once I had a swarm!
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—
  Once kept my body warm,
Before these flapping wing-things grew,
  To hamper and deform!"

At that outrageous bug I shot
  The fury of mine eye;
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,
  In rage and anger high,
"You ignominious idiot!
  Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly," said he,
  "I only want to squirm!"
And he dropped his wings dejectedly,
  But still his voice was firm:
"I do not want to be a fly!
  I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack,
  Today of unknown bliss!
I left my fool in red and black;
  The last I saw was this,—
The creature madly climbing back
  Into his chrysalis.

ZONA GALE.

Vladimir Resnikoff

October 4, 1890.

February 5, 1920.

Vladimir Resnikoff was born in Old Russia, a subject of the Czar. His parents were poor peasants. When the child was three years old he was taken ill with fever; the village wiseacres—there was no physician—said: "Put ice on his head! Put ice on his head!" The distracted parents did as they were instructed. The child lived, but—his optic nerves were frozen and he was to go through life stone blind!. So much for the peasant way of treating fever.

When Vladimir was still only a little fellow, his parents brought him to America and settled at New Haven, in Connecticut. When he was old enough, he was placed in a school for the blind in New York City. There his naturally beautiful voice—a recompense—was cultivated, and he was taught to play the piano. The years passed. Caruso heard him sing, and said: "It is a miracle! He has a perfect voice. He will have a great future!"

One day a friend took him to meet a talented woman writer, who, as it happened, had herself been born in Russia. This lady was moved to tears when he sang for her the songs of the peasants as he remembered them, the plaintive songs of the common people; the laborers, teamsters, boatmen, woodmen and fishermen. She arranged a series of folk-song concerts for him, the first of the kind ever heard in the metropolis. These recitals were successful, and a new series was arranged, culminating in a grand concert at Aeolian Hall.

Strikingly handsome, beaming with vitality, his sensitive mouth wreathed with generous smiles, his calm brown eyes—that no one would ever have thought sightless—gazing bravely into the dark: thus he stood before his audience and heard the building rock with applause that last great day. In the hall were people who understood no Russian and people who understood no English, men and women from Riverside Drive, and men and women from the East Side slums, different races and different classes. All loved and admired this young singer.

But the word "singer" does not do him justice. He did not merely sing; he *lived* the songs. He had that wonderful talent for merging his personality with the personality of others. If he sang a child's song, some happy little melody, he *felt* as a child would feel. If he sang a song of grief and mourning, he *was* the mourner. If he sang of battle, he *was* the warrior. . . . No one could adequately describe his singing.

The voice was bird-like, clear as a silver bell, but greater in volume than any other voice I have ever heard, and possessed of greater sweetness, mellowness, warmth and charm. An honest, friendly, eager voice.

He came to live in the studio building in which we occupied an apartment, an ancient building in Fourteenth street at Union Square. Here he met a fellow-countryman, one Aaron Goodelman, a sculptor; and the latter modeled a splendid portrait of the singer, a cast of which was shown that year in the Philadelphia academy. They got on delightfully, these two, speaking their own native tongue, hoping and praying for struggling Russia, dreaming of brighter days. . . . I used to go in and read to them from the fables of Lord Dunsany and the poems of Kipling and Service, which they admired. And sometimes Resnikoff would read to us, from books of raised printing, made for the blind.

I used to write his letters for him occasionally. People would invite him to sing at receptions and small private recitals. He needed money, but he hated to be lionized and dreaded being the object of sympathy, however kindly meant. One day he came to our door and asked me to write to a certain phonograph company for him; they had asked him to sing for a record, a Russian record. He thought he would rather not. They offered only a few dollars, and he hardly thought it worth the trouble. But I begged him not to refuse. I don't know why, but something must have warned me.

He was happy then, but shadows began to fall. First, he found the noise of passing traffic too much for his nerves; he dreaded ugly sounds of every sort. He decided to move into a quieter street. We saw him go with profound regret.

One night a short time after that I went to see him at his new studio. It was bitter cold weather. We went for a walk in the frozen streets after midnight. He coughed occasionally, and I cautioned him. Also, he was somewhat sad. Russia, his beloved Russia, was suffering; he was suffering, too.

The rest is briefly told. He became ill with pneumonia, was carried away to a hospital, devotedly followed and tended by his friends. He faded like a tired flower. To one comrade he gave his watch, a watch especially made for a man who must tell time by the *feel* of the face of the clock. To another his walking stick. All his possessions he distributed. His library, the finest in the United States of its kind, went to the people of New York. Then he smiled, and slept. . . .

That is just two years ago. I look up to the wall above my desk, and there is a photograph of Goodelman's study and also a photograph of a drawing by Kahlil Gibran, the Arabian poet-painter, who had loved him well; both caught his beautiful smile. And only a few steps away is our victrola, with his one record always ready to play. I can hear his voice!

One of God's masterpieces! I weep that I was privileged to know him.

This earth, its glory and pride, its history and future, would be the cruelest jest in all the universe were such men not immortal!

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE LINO-TYPE.

[For UNITY.]

I sat behind the lino-type,
  And watched the mats unwinding.
They seemed uncanny as they dropped,
  Each one its own place finding.
I much surmised how each would fall,
  But never once I guessed it,
Because I neither saw the key,
  Nor yet the hand that pressed it.

And then I pondered once again
  On human life's procession.
How things just happen so and so,
  And faith seems an obsession.
Anon, I knew the larger truth,
  That spite of all disaster,
There is a key-board out of sight,
  Touched by a viewless Master.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

"The Third Degree"

"Why should I be beat up for nothing?" So asked Boddy, the Negro murderer, when he was taken into custody after his double crime,—the murder of two detectives, in the Negro district in New York City.

The newspapers informed us that Boddy was "on parole." Boddy says he was not. Boddy said that he was not concerned with a certain crime that had been committed in his neighborhood. Two detectives professed to think that he was, and started to walk him off to the police station. The papers recorded an "altercation" and the cold-blooded murder of the two "guardians of the peace," the youthful murderer's escape, and the dramatic arrest after a long hunt in the environs of the city.

And the other side? Let an eye-witness tell the story, and one finds out that these guardians of the peace and arms of the law man-handled the Negro shamefully, finally knocking him down and kicking him after he was down. After they had done their pleasure they stood aside and let him get up,—and he "got up shooting," to use the words of the man who told the story. Another light is cast upon the matter by the rumor that there were many Negroes that had a grudge against one in particular of the slain men for similar acts. This is not an attack on the police, many of whom are all they should be, but it is only one more bit of evidence of police brutality, which bears out Boddy's statement, "In New York City what they mean by taking you to the station house, is to kick you round for two or three hours: and I have had that done to me several times." It is the vicious "Third Degree" that this man had experienced and that had had such an effect on him that he "saw red" and added another to the crimes for which Society blames him, to the exclusion of itself.

Boddy knew that many a man had been killed by the "Third Degree" and he simply struck first. He was a coward. Yes, but how about the officials who used the virtue of their power and place to torture and maim hapless persons who fall into their hands? He is a murderer. Yes, but how about the officials who, in cold blood, have carried their torture beyond the physical endurance of their helpless victims? Not only New York City, but the country must face this question of the abuse of citizens under arrest, and this matter of murder under the sanction of the law!

This man is after all only a type of the poverty-stricken, defenceless folk whom we persecute, torture, and sometimes kill by our legal (?) machinery. That he happens to have a black skin is apart from the question, for it is not alone the Negro that is so treated! The alien, the friendless, the feedle-minded—even he who is merely "different"—has to ask of Society the same pitiful question that Boddy asked. And Society has no answer for it! Instead we keep on with our legal crimes. Today the victim is a Negro. Yesterday he was a Russian. Tomorrow he will be a Yankee.

Who is to deny that justice—so-called—in our country is regularly sold to the rich and as regularly denied to the poor, the oppressed, and the alien—particularly that it is denied to the man with the black skin? The question forces itself upon one, "Can it be that the region in which the colored man is bound to be denied justice, is widening?"

This crime gives Americans who profess to be decent and fair-minded citizens, the chance, not merely to put a murderer on trial but to demand of ourselves what part Society has had in the evolution of that murderer; and in this case, what share the "law" may have had in the particular crime for which he must stand trial.

It gives us all a chance to ponder the words of the mother of the young Negro—

> I raised him right. I sent him to school and I tell him to join the Boy Scouts. After that he joined the National Guard. Then he goes with Colonel Haywood. That's where he learned about shooting. *Your can't take boys and learn 'em how to kill and then 'spect them to know it ain't right another time.*
>
> My heart bleeds for the families of them detectives. There will be hard nights for me and I won't sleep much. I thanks God he wasn't killed. He's got time to pray for forgiveness an' I'll have time to pray for him.

It gives some of us a chance to think on this comment which followed a quotation of these words—

> Anyway Boddy may be thankful that he lives in the North, for if he had lived in Georgia or Mississippi, he would probably have screamed his last prayers while the flames from a pile of faggots licked his body.

It obliges us to recognize this matter of crime in officialdom, especially the criminality of the "Third Degree." It forces us to arraign ourselves, along with the "Boddies" that such criminality helps to make.

New York City. F. D.

The World's Great Rebels and Heretics

No. VII.

STEPHEN MARCEL AND THE FREE COMPANIONS.

In the disorganization of social life which followed the break-up of the Roman empire, Italy and France were the nations that retained the most coherence in society. It was a long, dark night of several hundred years. The influence of Christianity was arrested by making it a state religion in 313, and the life of the common people was hard. The church kept up education, the patronage of religion, literature, philosophy, but it was for the favored few and not for the masses. In the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we see the world awaking. The influence of the crusades, of St. Francis and Abelard, and of the Albigenses, Waldensians in religion; the growth of the free cities; the origin of labor-guilds; the Black Death; the revival of the intellectual side of Greek and Roman civilization—these all prepare us to use the printing press and the compass, which came in the fifteenth century. Fourteen hundred years had passed since the labor revolt under Spartacus, when in southern France, the peasants of the province of Beauvois arose in revolt against their masters. In 1358 while the Dauphin prince was busy in a war with Charles of Navarre, the peasants arose. The "Jacquerie," "Goodman Jacks, to the number of 100,000 armed themselves with such weapons as their scythes, forks, axes and fell on the princes. Stephen Marcel, a popular leader in the independent city of Paris, sought to organize the revolt, and with a mixture of deserting troops, peasants, and the Free Companions," he spread for a time a reign of terror among the nobles. Of course such warfare could not sustain itself against the well equipped knights, and it was put down with ruthless slaughter and brutality, and their defeat was followed by extreme torture. Froissart, the retained historian of the noble classes, tells of "cowardly beasts of peasants fighting against ye noble and brave knights, who armed with lances and mounted, impaled women, chil-

dren and men on their lances, killing 5,000 in one day." He calls this "The most splendid conduct of the noble men, and most glorious bravery." Lacomb's "Growth of a People," gives us a more fair account of the uprising, and Prosper Merimee's great play, "The Jacquerie," gives an immortal picture of the brave revolt. The general conditions of the people and what they suffered is told in Eugene Sue's great historic novel, "The Mysteries of the People," and Millet has pictured for us how the French peasant appeared. From these sources one may inform himself upon the great uprising.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

A Vision of the Fathers

As I lay on my couch reading my evening journal my head began to nod. I had been perusing one of those numerous popular alleged explanations of Prof. Einstein and his theory of relativity. It seems that in the realm where time and space matter not, you can view all the events of history without reference to the dates of their occurrence. Suddenly I found myself in this realm, in the cathedral at Constantinople listening to a sermon by St. John Chrysostom.

"Private bounty tends to vain glory," he was saying. "The early Christians gave in the corporate capacity, they communized everything and it was for this reason that they had grace. By the renunciation of private property all could be made rich." I was not surprised to hear on the street after mass, that the Emperor Arcadius had been informed about Chrysostom through his under-cover agents in the cathedral congregation, that he had already instructed his Attornen-General Palmer to proceed against him, and that the chances were that he would be deported.

At Carthage I heard St. Cyprian commenting on the communism of the Acts: "Such conduct is that of the true sons and imitators of God," he said. "God's gifts are given to all mankind, the day enlightens all, the sun shines upon all, the rain falls and the wind blows upon all. To all men comes sleep, the splendor of the stars and the moon are common to all. Man is truly imitator of God when he follows the common beneficence of God by imparting to all the brotherhood the good things which he possesses."

Shortly afterward, at the palace in Constantinople, I was introduced to Firmanus Lactantius, the Christian Cicero, and was greatly impressed with his style and ideas about the evolution of society. Except for the absence of irony, his words had a familiar ring. I asked him if he had ever read Thornstein Veblen and was rather surprised to find that he had not.

Lactantius described the rise of the race from semi-communism of the Golden Age to which Christ would bring us back. He contrasted it with present day avarice which snaps up everything as its own. Justice is ousted by rapacity; community of life is lost and the tie of human society is unbound. People now robbed others and made private plunder of everything. What at one time had been for the use of all men, was now consigned to the houses of the few. To enslave others they made a point of mastering and collecting the necessaries of life, keeping them thoroughly in their clutches. Under the name of justice they sanctioned the most unjust of laws to protect their own greed against the violence of the many. They got the upper hand by authority, wealth by stealth. "Yes," I remarked, "And the new administration doesn't seem to help matters."

From Asia Minor I journeyed to Milan where the great Ambrose, pausing in his battles with emperors and heretics, was preaching on the Sermon on the Mount. Thus he spoke of the birds:

"They are a great example truly, and one worthy of our faithful imitation, for if God's providence never fails to supply the fowls of Heaven, albeit they use no husbandry, and trouble nothing about the prospects of the harvest, the true cause of our want would seem to be avarice. It is for this reason that they have an abundance of suitable food, because they have not learned to claim as their private property the fruits of the earth which have been given to them in common for their food. We have lost common property by the claims of private property.

"How far will your mad lusts take you ye rich people, till you dwell alone upon the earth? Why do you at once turn nature out of doors and claim it as your private property? Nature knows nothing of rich men; she bore us all poor. Nature lavished all things in common, so likewise God made all things to be produced, that all should have common pasture, and the land should be a kind of property common to all. Nature then produced common property. Robbery made private property."

A Goth who happened to be orthodox, confided to me that the Fascisti and the American Legion were after Ambrose. They considered him unpatriotic, even pro-German. They wanted to tar and feather him as they had Nonpartisan League organizers in Kansas or to kidnap him as they had Kate O'Hare. But they found the population of the city unresponsive to their incitations to violence and steadfast in their faith in their bishop.

I had already spent enough time in the Early Church to discover that it was a class movement, speaking for the poor. That it supported those who could not work but that there was no food for those who would not. That it taught as St. Gregory the Great said, "What is given us by a common God is only justly used when those who have received it use it in common," and that it looked forward to the Kingdom of God on earth, the co-operative commonwealth.

I next found myself in New York and dropping in at the headquarters of the Lusk Committee I related my experiences to Mr. Archibald Stevenson, showing him my notes on the sermons of the Fathers. "Rank Communism," he said, and I was more than half disposed to agree with him. "Bolshevism is entering the churches," repeated the noted man. "Thankfully, however, with the aid of Mr. Ralph Easley and the American Civic Federation, we are uncovering the centers of infection. We are able to discover all the Reds there are in the world. We have even discovered some that don't exist. But as for these religious radicals, I have a fairly complete list. See here!" and he held up a Book of Common Prayer with a calendar of the feasts of the saints.

The shock was too great for my already overly excited brain, and I woke up.

The Social Preparation. *B. O. Reynolds.*

God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.
—*Longfellow.*

THE FIELD.

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THEY GO TO THEIR "CHURCH" BUT WHY?

Outside conventional Sunday services there are today numerous substitutes—some of which are evidently received as "just as good." The range which the average city offers is wide, from the soap-box orator on street corner or Common, via the sacred concert of the movie playhouse, to Theosophy and the latest new thought fad. Between these extremes are assemblies of intelligent people, met under the urge of a deep religious sense toward social justice and reform. These may be forums in their program or merely free discussions of practical, pressing problems. If you say they are not "churches," we agree according to the accepted definition, yet call attention to the spirit of the hour and the actual devotional features of the place and occasion. It may be well to remember also the teaching of Jesus as to the *locus* of worship.

Boston supplied evidence of all this on a recent Sunday. For example, note the Community Church in Steinert Hall, Boylston St., with an attendance of upwards of four hundred. This service was conducted by Prof. Skinner, of Tufts—a guarantee, rational in temper and utterance. Fitting the day—following Armistice—the preacher, John Haynes Holmes, of New York, chose a compelling challenging topic, "A Delegate from the Kingdom of God at the Peace Conference." It was a keen, often sarcastic, yet telling analysis of the personnel of the parley as well as of its inner spirit. The Delegate was Jesus Christ and his utterances, as reported by the preacher, were the applied teachings of the gospels.

The combination of religion and thought-production is, we judge, one answer to the question of church attendance. Some go because minds are challenged. Do others remain away through an absence of that challenge?

Throughout that day—but it is always so—in Boston—the privilege continued, had one the strength and feared not religious dissipation. Afternoon services, Old South Forum, vespers, all supplied an opportunity to test out the query. Probably the best answer was found at night in the now recognized success of Ford Hall. There the "Ford Hall folks" gathered early—long before doors were opened. They heard a fitting concert, contributing to the spirit of the hour, punctuated and followed by much applause. Over all presided George W. Coleman, whose genius has made this forum a national pattern for many imitators. Dr. G. S. Lackland, a Denver pastor, met the opportunity offered that day for the discussion in Boston of the relation of Industry to Religion. Out of a full experience he stressed the points of view needed by both church and worker for real and permanent progress. As is the custom, a question period followed. This was true of the morning at the Community Church. The eagerness with which this privilege was accepted is a striking suggestion.

What made these two, and other non-conventional services, attractive? Was it alone in the very "difference"? We incline to think it was in the approach made to what the people regard as life's problems. It was in the "give and take" offered by the open parliament permitting the clearing up of some matter not rightly grasped by the hearer, or not emphasized in the main address. It was in the proper, proportionate mixing of religion and daily affairs. It was in the consideration of topics of Here and Now, as distinct from those remote, or at least, to many minds, in the future and unrelated to the currents of modern and immediate living. What do you think?

The Congregationalist.

—*Warren P. Landers.*

NEW ENMITIES FOR OLD?

In this instinctive feeling of international brotherhood in the mass of the men and women of the country lies our real hope for combating a new danger that now appears on the horizon. One notices a tendency, even among well-meaning pacifists, to condemn France in condemning French militarism—a mistake that workers are always less prone to make than those who do not distinguish between Governments and peoples. It is, too, easy to lay all the blame for the worst clauses of the Versailles Treaty upon the French Government, and for the subsequent anti-German and anti-Russian policy that has finished the ruin of Europe. Great Britain, to say nothing of others who were at least parties to the Treaty if not to the subsequent policy, is officially as much to blame for both; and she has not fear to goad her to inhumanity as France, with her past history, has. France, of all countries (except, perhaps, Ireland!), is a country to be wooed, not bullied. Also, with all her anti-German feeling, she has made the Wiesbaden agreement with her late enemies, which is a far more human and sane approach to future friendship than anything for which our own Government is yet responsible!

I heard a woman pacifist say, the other evening, at a meeting of the Women's International League in their new International House in London, that we pacifists who have been reviled for seven years as pro-Germans will, with the next turn of the political wheel, be equally reviled as pro-French! That may be so. But I have real hope that in the saner foreign policy now put forward by the leaders and representatives of our working people lies a way out from this eternal substitution of new enemies for old. Perhaps the Irish settlement, for all its incompleteness, has got into my head and made me feel that if the Irish question, that nightmare of British politics and the heaviest load upon her national conscience, can be healed at last by good will and co-operation, as I am certain it will be in the fulness of time, there may be hope also for all our international disagreements. Well, I do feel that; and I am not afraid to meet the charge of unconquerable optimism, when I remember that woman suffrage and self-government for Ireland—the two greatest British political questions of the age—were both finally settled round a table through good will and co-operation!—*Evelyn Sharp in "The World Tomorrow."*

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A CORRECTION.

Our attention has been called to an error in our Correspondence column of February 9. A slight mistake in the copy of "The Equitist Plan" by Charles P. Rice led to a garbled paragraph which will be an annoyance to our Single Tax friends. The corrected paragraph reads as follows:

"(Mr. Brokaw) is also apprehensive of the Single Tax, inasmuch as at present over 90 per cent of our taxes go to wars, past, present and future and that it makes little difference to the producer whether he works for an individual, Corporation or the State."

The hour for hour, worker's money, it is claimed, provides for that difficulty.

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